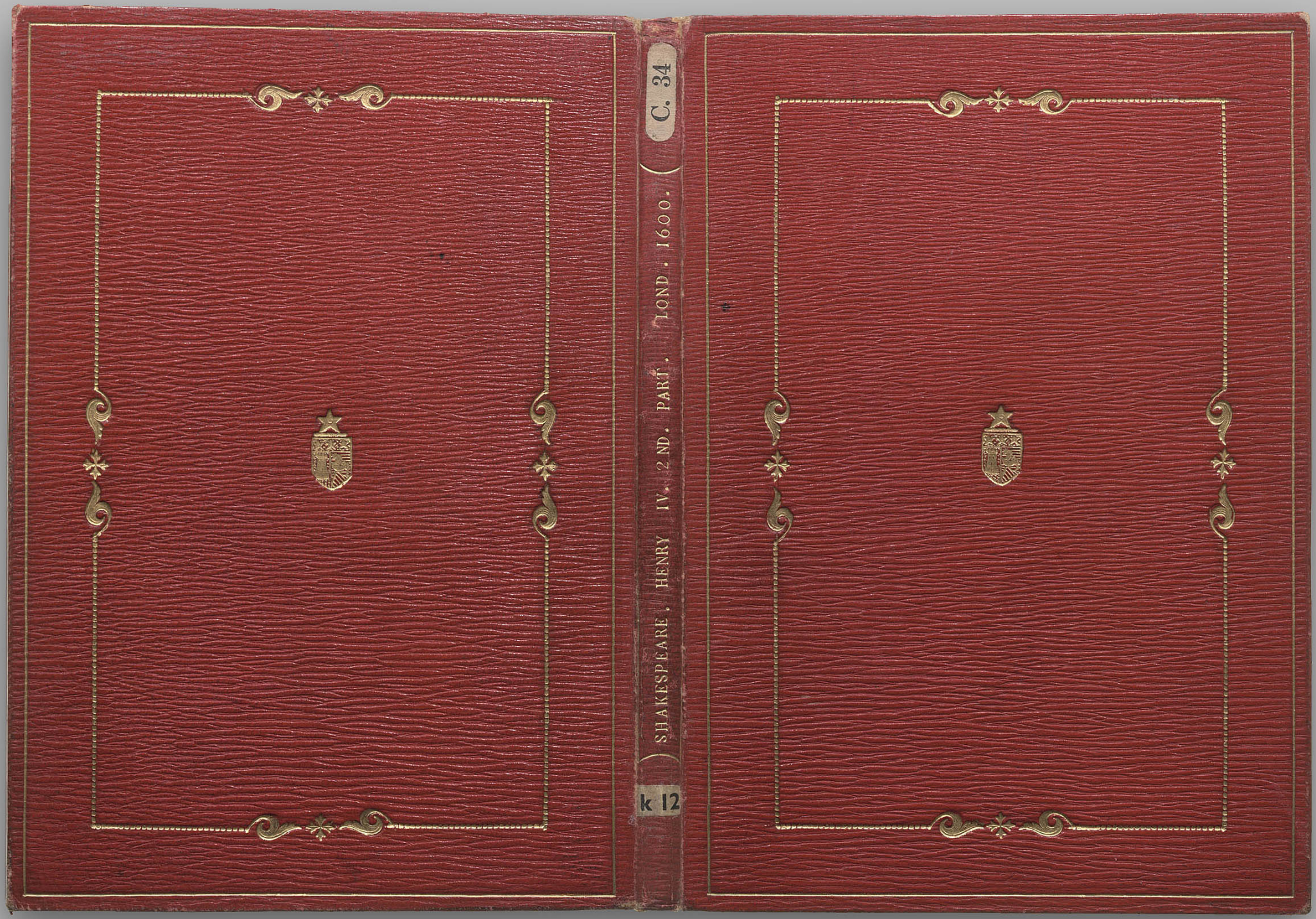
SHAKESPEARE. HENRY IV. 2ND. PART. LOND. 1600.
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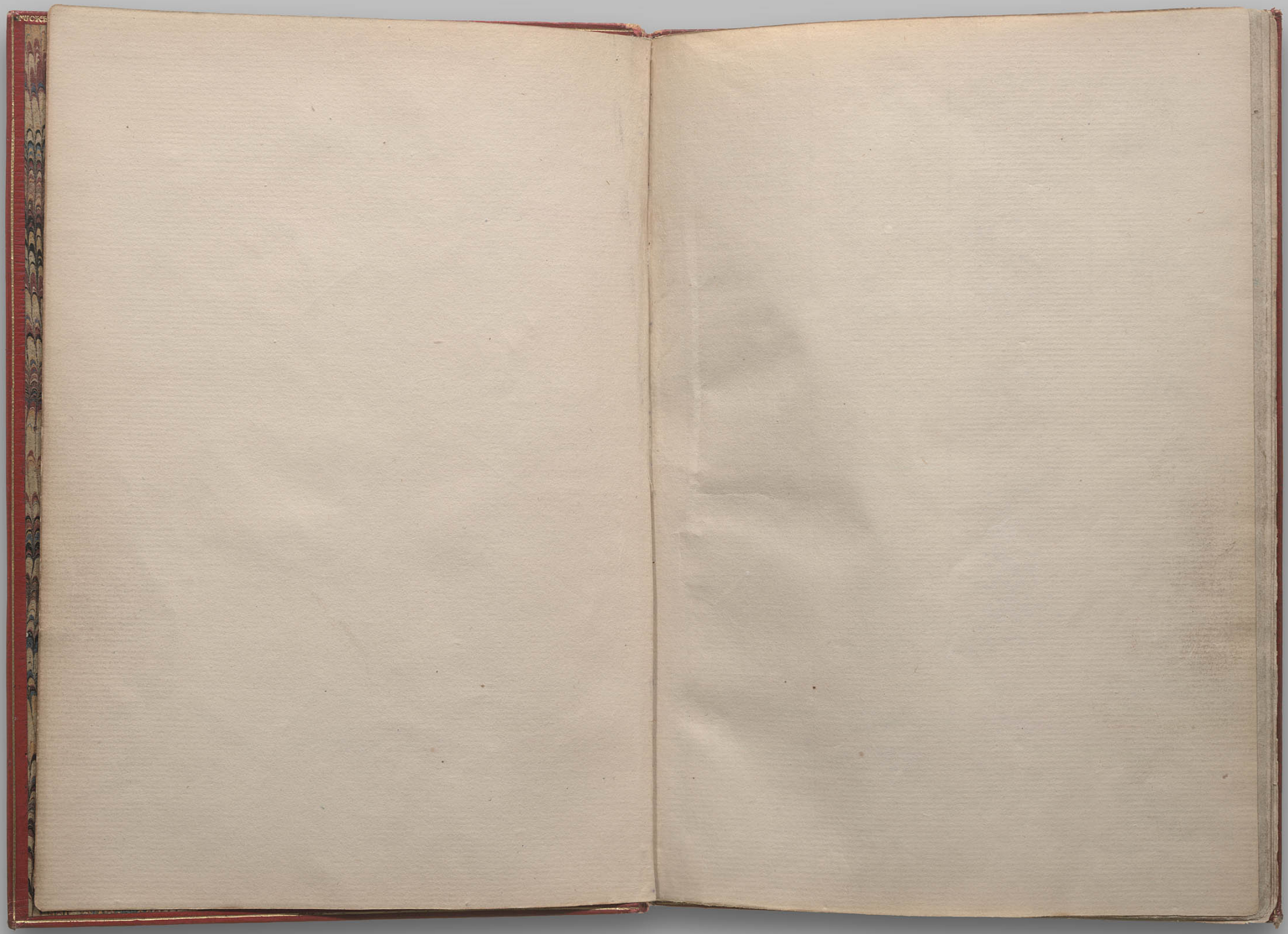

L. Shakespeare.
C.34.k.12
C.34.e.7.

THE Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, *and coronation of Henrie* the fift.

With the humours of sir Iohn Fal-*ſtaffe, and ſwaggering* Piſtoll.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Andrew Wiſe, and William Aſpley.
1600.

12

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The second part of Henry the fourth, *continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fift.*

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

Open your eares; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?

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I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.
exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?
Porter What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.
Porter His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*
Bard. Here comes the Earle.
Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.
Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,
Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the hulke sir Iohn,
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since Cæsars fortunes.
Earle How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
That freely rendred me these newes for true.
Earle Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent
On tuesday last to listen after newes.
Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.
Earle Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?
Trauers My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,
Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speede,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
He askt the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horse the head,
And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

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Staying no longer question. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies spur was cold,
Of Hot-spurre, Cold-spurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a silken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
Earle Why should that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then such instances of losse?
Bard. Who he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolne
The horse he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Morton.*
Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe,
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witnest vsurpation.
Say Mourton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglyest maske,
To fright our partie.
Earle How doth my sonne and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen such a man, so faint, so spirritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say, Your son did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to stop my eare indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my Lord your sonne:
Earle Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet speake Mourton,
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mour. You are too great to be by me gainsaid,
Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
Earle Yet for all this, say not that Percie's dead,
I see a strange confession in thine eie,
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it feare, or sinne,
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,
The tongne offends not that reports his death,
And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which saies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a loosing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a sullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lord, your sonne is dead.
Mour. I am sory I should force you to beleeue,
That which I would to God I had not seene,
But these mine eies saw him in bloudy state,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the best temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party steeled,

Which

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Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in Hot-ſpurs loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worceſter,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloudy Douglas whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaſter,
And Weſtmerland: this is the news at ful.

Earle For this I ſhal haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes; euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe: being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedſt houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inraged Northumberland,

Let

Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wild floud confind, let Order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirite of the firſt borne Cain
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech heart being ſet
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſceane may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead.

Vmfr. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong my lord.

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your honor,

Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are ingaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventured on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propoſde,
Choakt the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *exeunt.*

Enter ſir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.

Iohn Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctor to my water?

Page He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſeaſes then he knew for.

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Iohn Men of al sorts take a pride to gird at me: the braine of this foolish compoũded clay-man is not able to inuent any thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuẽted on me, I am not only witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my seruice for any other reason then to sett me off, why then I haue no iudgement, thou horeson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels. I was neuer manned with an agot till now, but I wil in-set you, neither in golde nor siluer, but in vile apparell, and send you backe againe to your master for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he shal get one off his cheek, & yet he will not sticke to say his face is a face royal, God may finish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may keepe it still at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer earne sixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almost out of mine I can assure him: what said master Dommelton. about the sattin for my short cloake and my sloppes?

Boy He said sir, you should procure him better assurance then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the securitie.

sir Iohn Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeson Achitophell a rascall: yea forsooth knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand vpon security, the horson smoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie shooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honest taking vp, then they must stand vppon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a should haue sent me two and twenty yards of sattin (as I am a true knight,) and he sends me security: well he may sleepe in security, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of his wife shines

shines through it: wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he see though he haue his owne lanthorne to light him.

Boy Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

sir Iohn I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me a horse in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the stewes, I were man'd, horsde, and wiu'd.

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice.

Boy Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolfe.

sir Iohn Wait close, I will not see him.

Iustice Whats hee that goes there?

seru. Falstaffe, and't please your lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the rob'ry?

seru. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with some charge to the lord Iohn of Lancaster.

Iust. What to Yorke? call him backe againe.

seru. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Iohn Boy, tell him I am deafe.

Boy You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.

seru. Sir Iohn?

Falst. What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lacke subiects? do not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

seru. You mistake me sir.

Iohn Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

seru. I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and your soldiership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

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Iohn I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that which growes to me, if thou getst any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt coũter, hence, auaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

Falst. My good Lord, God giue your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroade, I heard say your lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroade by aduise, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, haue yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltnes of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iustice Sir Iohn, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

sir Iohn And't please your lorship, I heare his maiesty is returnd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his maiesty, you would not come when I sent for you.

Falst. And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this same horson apoplexi.

Iust. Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with you.

Falst. This appoplexi as I take it? is a kind of lethergie, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the bloud, a horson tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

Falst. It hath it originall from much griefe, from study, and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

Iust. I think you are falne into the disease, for you heare not what I say to you.

Old. Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning, the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, and I care not if I doe become your phisitian.

Falst. I am as poore as Iob my lord, but not so pacient, your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of powerty, but how I should be your pacient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life to come speake with me.

Falst. As I was then aduisde by my learned counsail in the lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Wel, the truth is sir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

Falst. He that buckles himselfe in my belt cannot liue in lesse.

Iust. Your meanes are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falst. I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were greater and my waste slender.

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull prince.

Falst. The yong prince hath misled me, I am the felow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

Iust. Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th'vnquiet time, for your quiet orepossing that action.

Falst. My lord.

Iust. But since all is well, keepe it so, wake not a sleeping wolfe.

Falst. To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

Iust. What you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

Falst. A wassel candle my lord, all tallow, if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire in your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

Falst. His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

Iust. You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

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Falst. Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitternesse of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are wagges too.

Lo. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke, and olde sacke.

Lord Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it: but looke you

you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our English nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord Well, be honest, be honest, and God blesse your expedition.

Iohn Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Lord Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses: fare you well: commend mee to my coosine Westmerland.

Iohn If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses, (boy.

Boy Sir.

Iohn What money is in my purse?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence.

Iohn I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to olde mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekely sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good

wit

wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commoditie.

Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Bishop Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our (meanes,
And my most noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

Marsh. I well allow the occasion of our armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How in our meanes we should aduance our selues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choise,
And our supplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus,
Whether our present fiue and twentie thousand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we should not step too far.

Bish. Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
And so with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vsing the names of men in steed of men,
Like one that drawes the model of an house,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created cost,
A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be stil-borne, and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation,
I thinke we are so, body strong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but fiue and twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more, nay not so much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuisions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower, perforce a third
Must take vp vs, so is the vnfirme King
In three diuided, and his coffers sound
With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

Bish. That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither,
And come against vs in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted against the French
I haue no certaine notice.

Bish. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.

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Hosteſſe Maſter Phang, haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman? iſt a luſty yeoman? wil a ſtand too't?

Phang Sirra, wheres Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord I, good maſter Snare.

Snare Here, here.

Phang Snare, we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Hoſt. Yea good maſter Snare, I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, I le be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore, good maiſter Phang holde him ſure, good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man, I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fubd off, and fubd off, and fubd off from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on, there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe, and a beaſt, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices do your offices maſter Phāg, & maſter Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.

Falſt.

Falſt. How now, whoſe mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris, quickly.

Falſt. Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channel, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou baſtardly rogue, murder murder, a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiſeed rogue, thou art a honiſeed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew, a reskew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempſeed.

Boy Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian, ile tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hoſteſſe Good my lord be good to me, I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Lord How now ſir Iohn, what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe?
You ſhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke:
Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou vpon him.

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, and't pleaſe your grace I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheape, and he is arreſted at my ſute.

Lord For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſome of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falſt. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this ſir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation, are you not aſhamed to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a courſe to come

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by her owne.

Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Mary if thou wert an honeſt man thy ſelfe and the mony too: thou didſt ſweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet, ſitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a ſea cole fire, vpon wedneſday in Wheeſon weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a ſinging man of Windſor, thou didſt ſweare to me thē, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canſt thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and cal me goſſip Quickly, comming in to borow a meſſe of vinegar, telling vs ſhe had a good diſh of prawnes, whereby thou didſt deſire to eate ſome, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtayers, deſire me, to be no more ſo familiarity, with ſuch poore people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould cal me madam, and didſt thou not kiſſe me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie ſhillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canſt.

Falſt. My lord this is a poore mad ſoule, and ſhe ſaies vp and downe the towne, that her eldeſt ſonne is like you, ſhe hath bin in good caſe, and the trueth is pouerty hath diſtracted her, but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may haue redreſſe againſt them.

Lo. Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more then impudent ſawcines from you can thruſt me from a leuel conſideration: you haue as it appeares to me practiſde vpon the eaſie yeelding ſpirite of this woman, and made her ſerue your vſes both in purſe and in perſon.

Hoſt. Yea in truth my Lord.

Lo. Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Falſt. My Lord I will not vndergoe this ſnepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent ſawcineſſe, if a man wil

wil make curtſie and ſay nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord my humble duty remembred. I will not bee your ſuter, I ſay to you I do deſire deliuerance from theſe officers, being vpon haſty imployment in the Kings affayres.

Lord You ſpeake as hauing power to do wrong, but anſwer in th'effect of your reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

Falſt. Come hither hoſteſſe.

Lord Now maſter Gower, what newes. *enter a meſſenger.*

Gower The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales, Are neare at hand, the reſt the paper tells.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman!

Hoſt. Faith you ſaid ſo before.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heaunly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my plate, & the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Falſt. Glaſſes glaſſes is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty ſleight drollery, or the ſtorie of the prodigal, or the Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangers, and theſe flie bitten tapeſtrie, let it be x. l. if thou canſt: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in England, goe waſh thy face and draw the action, come thou muſt not be in this humor with me, doſt not know me, come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee ſir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate ſo God ſaue me law.

Falſt. Let it alone, ile make other ſhift, youle be a foole ſtil.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to ſupper, youle pay me al together.

Falſt. Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on. *exit hoſteſſe and ſergeant.*

Hoſt. Will you haue Doll Tere-ſheet meete you at ſupper.

Falſt. No more words, lets haue her.

Lord I haue heard better newes.

Falſt. Whats the newes my lord?

Lord Where lay the King to night?

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Meſſ. At Billingſgate my Lord.

Falſt. I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Meſſ. No, fifteen hundred foot, fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Falſt. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Lord You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Falſt. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

Gower I muſt waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you good ſir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falſtaffe Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter Gower?

Lord What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners, ſir Iohn?

Falſtaffe Maiſter Gower, if they become me not, hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince, Poynes, ſir Iohn Ruſſel, with other.

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

Prince Faith it does me, though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me, to deſire ſmall beere?

Poynes Why a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere.

But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to mee to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou haſt with theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluitie, and another for vſe. But that the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepeſt not racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of the low Countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether thoſe that bal out the ruines of thy linnen ſhal inherite his kingdom: but the Midwiues ſay, the children are not in the fault whereupon the world increaſes, and kinreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poynes How ill it followes, after you haue labored ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo idlely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe ſo, their fathers being ſo ſicke, as yours at this time is.

Prince Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

Poynes Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poynes Go to, I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I ſhould bee ſad now my father is ſicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleaſes me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be ſad, and ſad indeede too.

Poynes Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prince By this hand, thou thinkeſt me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and Falſtaffe, for obduracie and perſiſtancie, let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick, and keeping ſuch vile company as thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrowe.

Poynes The reaſon.

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Prince What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a blessed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

Poynes Why becausc you haue been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

Poyne By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God saue your grace.

Prince And yours most noble Bardolfe.

Poynes Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window, at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

Prince Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy Mary my lord, Althea dreampt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poines

Poines O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preserue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes shall haue wrong.

Prince And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the martlemasse your master?

Bard. In bodily health sir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes Iohn Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the Kings bloud spilt: how comes that (saies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore cosin, sir.

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

Poynes Why this is a certificate.

Prince Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

Poynes He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded,

I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to marry his sister Nel, repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn with all Europe.

Poynes My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him

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eate it.

Prince Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sister?

Poynes God send the wench no worse fortune, but I neuer said so.

Prince Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

Prince Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

Boy Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord, but old mistris Quickly, and mistris Dol Tere-sheet.

Prince VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

Prince Euen such kinne as the parish Heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them Ned at supper?

Poynes I am your shadow my Lord, ile follow you.

Prince Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue sir.

Boy And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-sheete should be some rode.

Poyns I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

Prince How might we see Falstaffe bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince From a god to a bul, a heauy descension, it was Ioues case

case, from a pince to a prentise, a low transformation, that shal be mine, for in enery thing the purpose must weigh with the folly, follow me Ned. *exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you wil, your wisedome be your guide.

North. Alas sweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate O yet for Gods sake, go not to these wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his father
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours, and your sonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it stucke vpon him as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues.

North. Bethrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouersights,
But I must go and meete with danger there,
Or it will seeke me in an other place,
And find me worse prouided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puissance made a little taste.

Kate If they get ground and vantage of the King,

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Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolue for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *exeunt.*

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Draw. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fiue more sir Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if thou canst find out Sneakes Noise, mistris Tere-sheet would faine heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old vtis, it wil be an excellent stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake. *exit*

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous searching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes sir Iohn.

enter sir Iohn.

sir Iohn When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

Falst. So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mistris Dol.

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your selfe.

host By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew matique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cõfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessel.

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Dorothy Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchãts venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient piſtol's belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd'ſt rogue in England.

hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir Iohn, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, ſir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores : I was before maiſter Tiſicke the debuty tother day, & (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than wedſday laſt, I good faith, neighbor Quickely, ſayes he, maiſter Dumbe our miniſter was by then, neighbor Quickly (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

Faiſt. Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp Drawer.

Hoſt. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not loue ſwagering by my troth, I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwagger: feele maiſters, how I ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereſh. So you do hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aſpen leafe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

Enter antient Piſtol, and Bardolfes boy.

Piſtol God ſaue you ſir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Piſtoll, heere Piſtoll, I charge you with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſcharge vpon mine hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her ſir Iohn, with two bullets.

Fal. ſhe is piſtoll proofe: ſir, you ſhall not hardely offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then, to you miſtris Dorothy, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I ſcorne you, ſcuruy companion: what you poore baſe raſcally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maiſter.

Piſt. I know you miſtris Dorothy.

Doro. Away you cutpurſe raſcall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the ſawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale raſcall, you basket hilt ſtale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you ſir: Gods light, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

ſir Iohn No more Piſtol, I would not haue you go off here, diſcharge your ſelfe of our company, Piſtoll.

Hoſt. No, good captaine Piſtoll, not here, ſweete captaine.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not aſhamed to be called Captaine? and Captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy ſtewd

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shewd prunes, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captaine Peesell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Pist These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Host. By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Host. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

Dol.

Dol, For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway nagges?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forsweare keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horson little vliaunt villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i'th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horsone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth siue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket.

Dol Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

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Boy The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

Dol Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They say Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

Falſt. Kisse me Doll,

Prince

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

Falſt. Thou dost giue me flattering busses.

Dol By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Falſt. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some sacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon sir.

Falſt. Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falſt. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Hoſt. O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

Falſt. Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poynes My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

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Host. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damned for that I know not.

Host. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Host. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weminster,
And there are twenty weake and wearied postes,
Come from the North, and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince By heauen Poines, I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion like the south,
Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe, good night.

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?

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Bar. You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.
Fal. Pay the muſitians ſirra,farewel hoſteſſe,farewel Dol, you ſee (my good wenches)how men of merit are ſought after,the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of action is calld on,farewell good wenches, if I bee not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe ere I goe.
Dol. I cannot ſpeake:if my heart be not ready to burſt:wel ſweete Iacke haue a care of thy ſelfe.
Fal. Farewell,farewell. *exit.*
Hoſt. Well, fare thee well,I haue knowne thee theſe twenty nine yeares, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man:wel,fare thee wel.
Bard. Miſtris Tere-ſheete.
Hoſt. Whats the matter?
Bard. Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maſter.
Hoſt. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhe comes blubberd,yea!will you come Doll?
exeunt.

Enter the King in his night-gowne alone.

King Go call the Earles of Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade theſe letters,
And well conſider of them,make good ſpeed.
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubiects,
Are at this howre aſleepe? ô ſleepe!ô gentle ſleep!
Natures ſoft nurſe,how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And ſteep my ſences in forgetfulneſſe,
Why rather ſleepe lieſt thou in ſmoaky cribbes,
Vpon vneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

Vnder the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lulld with ſound of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god,why liſte thou with the vile
In lothſome beds,and leaueſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe,or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy maſſe,
Seale vp the ſhip-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
VVith deaffing clamour in the ſlippery clouds,
That with the hurly death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou, ô partiall ſleepe, giue them repoſe,
To the wet ſeaſon in an howre ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt night,
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
Vneaſie lies the head that weares a crowne.

Enter Warwike ,Surry,and ſir Iohn Blunt.

War. Many good morrowes to your maieſtie.
King Is it good morrow lords?
War. Tis one a clocke,and paſt.
King VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords.
Haue you read ore the letter that I ſent you?
War. VVe haue my liege.
King Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,
How foule it is, what rancke diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger neare the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet diſtempered,
VVhich to his former ſtrength may be reſtored,
VVith good aduiſe and little medicine,

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My Lord Northumberland wil ſoone be coold.
King O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And ſee the reuolution of the times,
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent
Weary of ſolide firmeneſſe melt it ſelfe
Into the ſea, and other times to ſee,
The beachie girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With diuers liquors! O if this were ſeene,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſſe through,
What perills paſt, what croſſes to enſue?
Would ſhut the booke and ſit him downe and die:
Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feaſt togither, and in two yeare after
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares ſince,
This Percie was the man neereſt my ſoule,
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
Yea for my ſake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
Gaue him defyance: but which of you was by?
You couſen Neuel, (as I may remember)
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeake theſe wordes now proou'd a prophecie:
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My couſen Bolingbrooke aſcends my throne,
(Though then (God knowes) I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bowed the ſtate,
That I and greatneſſe were compeld to kiſſe.)
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time wil come, that foule ſin gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: ſo went on,
Fortelling this ſame times condition,

And the deuiſion of our amitie.
War. There is a hiſtorie in all mens liues,
Figuring the natures of the times deceaſt:
The which obſeru'd, a man may prophecie,
With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to life, who in their ſeedes,
And weake beginning lie intreaſured:
Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,
And by the neceſſary forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great Northumberland then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeede growe to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not find a ground to roote vpon
Vnleſſe on you.
King. Are theſe thinges then neceſſities,
Then let vs meet them like neceſſities,
And that ſame word euen now cries out on vs:
They ſay the Biſhop and Northumberland,
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.
War. It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
The numbers of the feared, pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bedde: vpon my ſoule, my Lord,
The Powers that you alreadie haue ſent foorth,
Shall bring this priſe in very eaſily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
A certain inſtance that Glendour is dead:
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fortnight ill,
And theſe vnſeaſoned howers perforce muſt adde
Vnto your ſickneſſe.
King. I will take your counſaile,
And were theſe inward warres once out of hand,
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land. *exeunt*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice Silence.

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Shallow Come on, come on, come on ſir, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the Roode: and how dooth my good coſin Silens?

Silence Good morrow good coſin Shallow.

Shallow And how dooth my cooſin your bed-fellowe? and your fayreſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silens Alas, a blacke wooſel, coſin Shallow.

Shallow By yea, and no ſir: I dare ſaye my cooſin Wilham is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Silens Indeede ſir to my coſt.

Shallow A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Luſty Shallow then, coſin.

Shallow By the maſſe I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-ſhire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotſole man, you had not ſoure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falſtaffe (now ſir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Cooſin, this ſir Iohn that comes hither anone about ſouldiers?

Shall. The ſame (ſir Iohn) the very ſame, I ſee him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Samſon Stockefiſh a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Ieſu, Ieſu, the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Silens We ſhall all follow, cooſin.

Shal. Certaine, tis certaine, very ſure, very ſure, death (as the Pſalmiſt

Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Silens Dead ſir.

Shal. Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a ſhot a fine ſhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue ſcore, and caried you a forehand ſhaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Silens Thereafter as they be, a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble dead?

Silens Heere come twoo of ſir Iohn Falſtaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Good morrow honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice Shallow?

Shall. I am Robert Shallow ſir, a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: what is your pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, ſir, commends him to you, my Captaine ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shall. He greets me wel, ſir, I knew him a good backſword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a ſouldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

Shallow It is well ſayde in faith ſir, and it is well ſayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is

it,

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it, good phraſes, are ſurely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phraſe.

Bardolfe Pardon me ſir, I haue heard the worde, phraſe call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phraſe, but I will mayntayne the worde with my ſworde, to bee a ſouldiour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command, by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Iuſt. It is very iuſt: looke, here comes good ſir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue mee your worſhippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good ſir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maiſter Robert Shallow, maiſter Soccard (as I thinke.)

Shal. No ſir Iohn, it is my cooſin Silens, in commiſſion with me.

Falſt. Good maiſter Silens, it well befits you ſhould be of the Peace.

Silens Your good worſhip is welcome.

Falſt. Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we ſir, will you ſit?

Falſt. Let me ſee them I beſeech you.

Shall. Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? let me ſee, let me ſee, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo (ſo, ſo) yea mary ſir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do ſo, let thē do ſo, let me ſee, where is Mouldy?

Mouldy Here and it pleaſe you.

Sha. What think you ſir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, ſtrong,

ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, and't pleaſe you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vſde.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vſe: very ſingular good, infaith well ſaid ſir Iohn, very well ſaid. *Iohn prickes him.*

Moul. I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Fal. Go to, peace Mouldy, you ſhall go, Mouldy it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, ſtand aſide, know you where you are? for th'other ſir Iohn: let me ſee Simon Shadow.

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him to ſit vnder, hees like to be a cold ſoldiour.

Shal. Wheres Shadow?

Shad. Here ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My mothers ſonne ſir.

Fal. Thy mothers ſonne! like enough, and thy fathers ſhadow, ſo the ſonne of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo indeede, but much of the fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him ſir Iohn?

Fal. Shadow wil ſerue for ſummer, pricke him, for we haue a number of ſhadowes, fill vp the muſter booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart Here ſir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him ſir Iohn?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back,

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and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha,ha,ha,you can do it ſir,you can do it, I commend you well: Francis Feeble.

Feeble Here ſir.

Shal. What trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble A womans tailer ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him ſir?

Fal. You may,but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou haſt done in a womans peticoate.

Feeble I will do my good will ſir,you can haue no more.

Fal. Well ſaide good womans tailer, well ſaide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or moſt magnanimous mouſe,pricke the womans tailer: wel M.Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

Feeble I would Wart might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightſt mend him and make him fit to goe,I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands, let that ſuffice moſt forcible Feeble.

Feeble It ſhall ſuffice ſir.

Fal. I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble,who is next?

Shal. Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

Fal. Yea mary,lets ſee Bul-calfe.

Bul. Here ſir. (roare againe.

Fal. Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

Bul. O Lord,good my lord captaine.

Falſt. What, doſt thou roare before thou art prickt?

Bul. O Lord ſir,I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A horſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I cought with ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the warres in a gowne,we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take ſuch order that thy friendes ſhal ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more calld then your number, you muſt haue

haue but foure here ſir, and ſo I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

Fa. Come,I wil go drink with you,but I cānot tary dinner: I am glad to ſee you, by my troth maſter Shallow.

Shal. O ſir Iohn, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the windmil in ſaint Georges field?

Fal. No more of that maſter Shallow.

Shal. Ha,twas a merry night, and is Iane Night-worke aliue?

Falſt. She liues maſter Shallow.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fa. Neuer neuer,ſhe wold alwaies ſay,ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Sha. By the maſſe I conld anger her too'th heart, ſhe was then a *bona roba*,doth ſhe hold her owne wel?

Fal. Old old maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay ſhe muſt be old,ſhe cannot chuſe but be old,certain ſhees old,& had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clements inne.

Scilens Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago.

Shal. Ha couſen Scilens that thou hadſt ſeene that that this Knight and I haue ſeene,ha ſir Iohn, ſaid I wel?

Fal We haue heard the chimes at midnight M.Shallow.

Sha. That we haue,that we haue, that we haue,in faith ſir Iohn we haue, our watch-worde was Hemboies, come lets to dinner,come lets to dinner,Ieſus the daies that wee haue ſeene, come,come. *exeunt.*

Bul. Good maiſter corporate Bardolfe, ſtand my friend, & heres foure Harry tenſhillings in french crowns for you, in very truth ſir, I had as liue be hangd ſir as go,and yet for mine owne part ſir I do not care,but rather becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends, elſe ſir I did not care for mine owne part ſo much.

Bard. Go to,ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good M.corporall captaine,for my old dames ſake ſtand my friend, ſhe has no body to doe any thing about

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her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny: ſo, and't be not, ſo, no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well ſaid, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe and the Iuſtices.

Fal. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come ſir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy ſtay at home, til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me (maſter Shallow) how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature, bulke and big aſſemblance of a man: giue me the ſpirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer: ſo, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Ballde, ſhot: well ſaid yfaith Wart, th'art a good ſcab, hold, theres a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-maſter, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthurs ſhow, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a ſay, bounce would a ſay, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I ſhall nere ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vſe many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I muſt a doſen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the ſouldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, the Lord bleſſe you, God proſper your affaires, God ſend vs peace at your returne. viſit our houſe, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue ſpoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *exit*

Shal. On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off theſe iuſtices, I do ſee the bottome of iuſtice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how ſubiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull ſtreet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forke reddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it with a knife, a was ſo forlorne, that his demenſions to any thicke ſight were

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inuincible, a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie,& the whores cald him mandrake,a came ouer in the rereward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the ouer-schutcht huswiues, that he heard the Car-men whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is this vices dagger become a squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin sworne brother to him, and ile be sworn a nere saw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the Marshalles men, I saw it and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne name, for you might haue thrust him and all his aparell into an eele-skin, the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him a Court, and now has he land and beefes. Well,ile be acquainted with him if I returne,and t'shal go hard,but ile make him a philosophers two stones to me,if the yong Dase be a baite for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him, till Time shape,and there an end.

Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the forrest of Gaultree.

Bish. What is this forrest calld?

Hast. Tis Gaultree forrest,and't shal please your grace.

Bishop Here stand,my lords,and send discouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies:

Hastings We haue sent forth already.

Bishop Tis well done,
My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent,tenure,and substance thus;
Here doth he wish his person,with such powers,
As might hold sortance with his quallitie,
The which he could not leuy: whereupon
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland,and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may ouer-liue the hazard
And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

Mowb.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we haue in him,touch ground,
And dash themselues to peeces. *Enter messenger*

Hastings Now,what newes?

Messenger West of this forrest,scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon,or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray The iust proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs sway on,and face them in the field.

Bishop What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

Enter Westmerland

Mowbray I thinke it is my lord of Westmerland.

West. Health and faire greeting from our Generall,
The prince lord Iohn and duke of Lancaster.

Bishop Say on my lord of Westmerland in peace,
What doth concerne your comming?

We. Then my Lord,vnto your Grace do I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my speech: if that rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth,guarded with rags,
And countenaunst by boyes and beggary:
I say, if damnd commotion so appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You,reuerend father,and these noble Lordes,
Had not beene heere to dresse the owgly forme
Of base and bloody Insurrection
With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbishop)
Whose Sea is by a ciuile peace maintainde,
Whose beard the siluer hand of Peace hath toucht,
Whose learning and good letters Peace hath tutord,
Whose white inuestments figure innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed spirite of peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe
Out of the speech of peace that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous tongue of warre?
Turning your bookes to graues,your incke to bloud,

You

Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?
Bish. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diseasde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
VVhose memorie is written on the earth,
VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes instance (present now,)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to establish heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.
West. VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied
VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What peere hath beene suborn'de to grate on you?
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody booke
Of forg'de rebellion with a seale diuine,
Bishop My brother Generall, the common wealth
I make my quarrell in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redresse,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbray why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruises of the daies before?
And suffer the condition of these times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.
West. But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It shall appeere that your demaunds are iust,
You shall enioy them, euery thing set off
That might so much as thinke you enemies.
Mowbray But he hath forc'de vs to compel this offer,

And it proceedes from policie, not loue.
West. Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:
Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vse of armes,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then Reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parlee.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence,
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hastings Hath the prince Iohn a full commission,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand vpon?
West. That is intended in the Generalles name,
I muse you make so slight a question.
Bishop Then take, my lord of Westmerland, this scedule,
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each seuerall article herein redrest,
All members of our cause both here and hence,
That are ensinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our willes,
To vs and our purposes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.
West. This will I shew the Generall, please you Lords,
In sight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the swords,
Which must decide it. *Exit Westmerland*
Bishop My lord, we will doe so.

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Mon There is a thing within my bosome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hastings Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist vpon,
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation shal be such,
That euery slight, ...d false deriued cause,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Bish. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and such picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and history his losse,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion,
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of chastisement,
So that his power, like to a phangles lion,

May offer, but not hold.
Bishop Tis very true,
And therefore be assurde, my good Lord Marshall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so, here is returnd my lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The prince is here at hand, pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his grace iust distance tweene our armies.

Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of York, in Gods name then set forward.
Bishop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.
Iohn You are well incountred here, my couſen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed with you,
When that your flocke assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your exposition on the holy text,
That now to see you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death:
That man that sits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King:
Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatnesse? with you Lord bishop
It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the speaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himselfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who shal beleeue,
But you misuse the reuerence of your place,

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Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.
Biſhop Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Weſtmerland,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this Hidra, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.
Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.
Haſt. And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.
Prince You are too ſhallow Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.
Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,

Wreſted

Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt,
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers vnto their ſeuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.
Biſhop I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.
Prince Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie thee captaine.
Biſhop To you my noble lord of Weſtmerland.
Weſt. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.
Biſhop I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle coſin Mowbray.
Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething ill.
Biſhop Againſt ill chaunces men are euer merry,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.
Weſt. Therefore be mery coze, ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing comes to morow.
Biſhop Beleeue me I am paſſing light in ſpirit,
Mow. So much the worſe if your owne rule be true. *Shout.*
Prin. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they ſhowt.
Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.
Biſhop A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt,
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party loſer.
Prince Go my lord,

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And let our army be discharged too,
And,good my lord,so please you,let our traines
March by vs,that we may peruse the men,
VVe should haue coap't withall.
Bishop Go,good Lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismist,let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*
Prince I trust Lords we shal lie to night togither:
Now cosin,wherefore stands our army stil?
West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.
Prince They know their dueties. *enter Hastings*
Hastings My lord,our army is dispersst already,
Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
East,weast,north,south,or like a schoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.
West. Good tidings my lord Hastings,for the which
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
And you lord Archbishop,and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treason I attach you both.
Mowbray Is this proceeding iust and honorable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Bishop will you thus breake your faith?
Prince I pawnde thee none,
I promist you redresse of these same grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe,with a most christian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
Meete for rebellion:
Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
Fondly brought heere,and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our drummes,pursue the scattred stray:
God,and not we,hath safely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treasons true bed,and yeelder vp of breath.
Alarum *Enter Falstaffe* *excursions*
Fal. whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and of

of what place?
Cole. I am a Knight sir, and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.
Fal. well then,Colleuile is your name,a Knight is your degree,and your place the dale: Coleuile shalbe still your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough,so shall you be stil Colleuile of the Dale.
Colle. Are not you sir Iohn Falstaffe?
Fal. As good a man as he sir,who ere I am: doe ye yeelde sir,or shall I sweat for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.
Colle. I think you are sir Iohn Falstaffe,and in that thought yeelde me.
Fal. I haue a whole schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my name,and I had but a belly of any indifferencie,I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my womb,my wombe,my womb vndoes me,heere comes our Generall.
Enter Iohn Westmerland,and the rest. *Retraite*
Iohn The heate is past,follow no further now,
Call in the powers good cosin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
VVhen euery thing is ended,then you come:
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.
Fal. I would bee sory my lord,but it shoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of Valor: do you thinke me a swallow,an arrow,or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility, I haue foundred ninescore and od postes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale,a most furious Knight and valorous enemy, : but what of that? he sawe me, and yeelded, that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosde fellow of Rome, their

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there cosin, I came, saw, and ouercame.

Iohn It was more of his curtesie then your deseruing.

Falst. I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beseech your grace let it be bookte with the rest of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad else, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Colleuile kissing my foote) to the which course, if I bee enforst, if you doe not all shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of Fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cinders of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) beleeue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let Desert mount.

Prince Thine's too heauy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

Prince Thines too thicke to shine.

Falst. Let it do some thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Prince Is thy name Colleuile?

Col. It is my Lord.

Prince A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

Falst. And a famous true subiect tooke him.

Col. I am my lord but as my betters are,
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselues, but thou like a kind fellow gauest thy selfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for thee. *enter Westmerland.*

Prince Now, haue you left pursuit?

West. Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

Prince Send Colleuile with his confederates
To Yorke to present execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the King my father is sore sick,
Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie,
Which cosin you shall beare to comfort him,

And we with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you giue me leaue to go through Glostershire, and when you come to court, stand my good lord in your good report.

Prince Fare you wel Falstaffe, I, in my condition, shal better speake of you then you deserue.

Fal. I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this same yong sober blouded boy doth not loue me, nor a mã cãnot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of these demure boyes come to any proofe, for thin drinke doth so ouer-coole their blood, and making many fish meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene sicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which some of vs should be too, but for inflammation: a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull and crudy vapors which enuirone it, makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold & setled,) left the liuer white & pale, which is the badge of pusilanimitie and cowardize: but the sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the rest of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captaine, the heart: who great and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sacke (for that sets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till sacke commences it, and sets it in act and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilld, with excellent endeuour of drinking good

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and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſonnes, the firſt humane principle I would teach them, ſhould be, to forſweare thinpotations, and to addict themſelues to ſacke. How now Bardolfe?

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them goe, ile through Gloſterſhire, and there will I viſit M. Robert Shallow Eſquire, I haue him already tempring betweene my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him, come away.

Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Glouceſter.

King Now lords, if God doth giue ſucceſſefull end,
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctified:
Our nauie is addreſt, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence wel inueſted,
And euery thing lies leuell to our wiſh,
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe vs til theſe rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your maieſty
Shal ſoone enioy.

King Humphrey my ſonne of Gloſter, where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winſor.

King And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

Kin Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas,
Thou haſt a better place in his affection

Then

Then all thy brothers, cherriſh it my boy:
And noble offices thou maiſt effect
Of mediation after I am dead,
Betweene his greatneſſe and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor looſe the good aduantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obſeru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithſtanding being incenſt, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as ſodaine
As flawes congealed in the ſpring of day:
His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his bloud inclind to mirth:
But being moody, giue him time and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground
Confound themſelues with working, learne this Thomas,
And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited veſſell of their bloud,
(Mingled with venome of ſuggeſtion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong,
As Aconitum, or raſh gunpowder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerue him with all care and loue.

King Why art thou not at Winſore with him Thomas?

Tho. He is not there to day, he dines in London.

King And how accompanied?

Tho. With Poines, and other his continuall followers.

King Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt ſoyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerſpread with them, therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death:
The bloud weepes from my heart when I do ſhape,

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In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,
When rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,
When meanes and lauish manners meete together,
Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppose decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,
By which his grace must mete the liues of other,
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

King Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

Enter Westmerland.

West. Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels sword vnsheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leisure may your highnesse reade,
With euery course in his particular.

King O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,
Which euer in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor. Hare.*

Harc. From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of:
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, containes at large,

Ki. And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?
She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum. Comfort your maiesty.

Clar. O my royall father!

West. My soueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp.

War. Be patient princes, you do know these fits
Are with his highnesse very ordinary.
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel,

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through,

Hum. The people feare me, for they do obserue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward, sickt and died.

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War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
War. Call for the muſique in the other roome.
King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe. *Enter Harry*
Prince Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He vttred much vpon the hearing it,
Prince If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe my Lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the King your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt pleaſe your Grace to go along with vs?
Prince No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)

There lies a downy feather which ſtirs not,
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue my gracious lord my father:
This ſleepe is ſound indeede, this is a ſleepe,
That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorſt
So many Engliſh Kings, thy deaw from me,
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſſe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly:
My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where it ſits,
Which God ſhal guard, and put the worlds whole ſtrength
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence,
Clar. Doth the King cal?
War. What would your Maieſtie?
King Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King The prince of Wales, where is he? let me ſee him: he is not here.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Hum. He came not through the chamber where we ſtaide.
King Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King The Prince hath tane it hence. go ſeeke him out:
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe my ſleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?

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For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*
War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which neuer quaft but bloud,
Would by beholding him, haue waſht his knife,
With gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
Harry I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King Thy wiſh was father (Harry,) to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe! O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few houres,
Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,

Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, aſſurde of it,
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my life.
What, canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine eare,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head,
Only compouud me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage counſailers, hence,
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now
From euery region, apes of idleneſſe:
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcumme
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kind of waies?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England ſhal double gild his trebble gilt,
England ſhall giue him office, honour, might:
For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
The muſſel of reſtraint, and the wild dogge
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome ſicke with ciuill blowes:
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.
Prince O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moiſt impediments vnto my ſpeech,

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I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
VVhich my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart: if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And make me as the pooreſt vaſſaile is,
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.
King God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightſt win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither Harry, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very lateſt counſaile
That euer I ſhal breathe. God knowes (my ſonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe know well,
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the ſoyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it ſeemd in me,
But as an honor ſnatcht with boiſtrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold feares
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſwerd:
For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchaſt,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the'garland wearſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou muſt make thy friends,
Haue but their ſtings and teeth newly tane out:
By whoſe fell working I was firſt aduaunſt,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe diſplacde: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe, now
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might make them looke,

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Too neare vnto my state: therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine. *enter Lancaster.*

King Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaster.

Lanc. Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

King Thou bring'st me happinesse and peace sonne Iohn,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare witherd trunke: vpon thy sight,
My worldly busines makes a period:
Where is my lord of Warwicke?

Prince My Lord of Warwicke.

King Doth any name particular belong
Vnto the lodging where I first did swound?

War. Tis cald Ierusalem, my noble Lord.

King Laud be to God, euen there my life must end.
It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I should not die, but in Ierusalem,
Which vainely I suppos'de the Holy Land:
But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
In that Ierusalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.*

Shal. By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night, what Dauy I say?

Fals. You must excuse me master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you, you shall not be excusde, excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you shall not be excusde: why Dauy.

Dauy Here sir.

Shal

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see Dauy, let me see Dauy, let me see, yea mary VVilliam Cooke, bid him come hither, sir Iohn, you shal not be excusde.

Dauy Mary sir thus, those precepts can not be serued, and againe sir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate?

Shal. VVith red wheat Dauy, but for VVilliam Cooke are there no yong pigeons?

Dauy Yes sir, here is now the Smiths note for shooing and plow-yrons.

Shal. Let it be cast and payed: sir Iohn, you shal not be excusde.

Dauy Now sir, a new linche to the bucket must needes be had: and sir, do you meane to stop any of VVilliams wages, about the sacke he lost at Hunkly Faire?

Shal. A shall answer it: some pigeons Dauy, a couple of short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke.

Dauy Doth the man of warre stay all night sir?

Shal. Yea Dauy, I will vse him well, a friend i'th court is better then a penie in purse: vse his men wel Dauy, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite.

Dauy No worse then they are back-bitten sir, for they haue maruailes foule linnen.

Shal. VVell conceited Dauy, about thy businesse Dauy.

Dauy I beseech you sir to countenance VVilliam Visor of Woncote against Clement Perkes a'th hill.

Sha. There is many complaints Dauy against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

Dauy I graunt your worship that he is a knaue sir: but yet God forbid sir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at his friends request, an honest man sir is able to speake for himselfe, when a knaue is not: I haue seru'de your worship truly sir this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle credit with your worship: the knaue is mine honest friend sir, therfore I beseech you let him be countenaunst.

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Shal. Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you sir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand master Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal I thank thee with my heart kind master Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come sir Iohn.

Falst. Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horses: if I were sawed into quantities, I should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as maister Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him, do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: hee, by conuersing with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruingman, their spirits are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suite to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister: if to his men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise bearing, or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of sixe fashions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without intervallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falst. I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas Clarence, Prince, Iohn Westmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

Iust. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iust. I hope not dead.

War.

War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purposes he liues no more.

Iust. I would his Maiestie had calld me with him:
The seruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War. Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy issue of dead Harry:
O that the liuing Harry had the temper
Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many Nobles then should holde their places,
That must strike saile to spirites of vile sort?

Iust. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

Iohn Good morrow coosin Warwicke, good morrow.

Prin. ambo Good morrow coosin.

Iohn We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

Iohn Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

Iust. Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

Humph. O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,
And I dare sweare you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Iohn Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation,
I am the sorier, would twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speake sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of quallitie.

Iust. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.
And neuer shall you see that I will begge
A ragged and forestald remission,

If

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If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him. *Enter the Prince and Blunt*
War. Here comes the Prince.
Iust. Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.
Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,
This is the English, not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares
By number into howres of happinesse.
Bro. We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.
Prince You al looke strangely on me, and you most,
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.
Iust. I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.
Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th'immediate heire of England? was this easie?
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?
Iust. I then did vse the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,

Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
And mocke your workings in a second body?
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And as you are a King, speake in your state,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my lieges soueraignte.
Prince You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
And I do wish your honors may encrease,
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,

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Into the hands of Iuſtice you did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained ſword that you haue vſde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you haue done gainſt me: there is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil ſtoope and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wiſe directions.
And princes all, beleeue me I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue:
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his ſpirites ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to race out,
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming, the tide of bloud in me
Hath prowdely flowd in vanitie till now:
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of flouds,
And flow henceforth in formall maieſtie.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let vs chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſaile,
That the great bodie of our ſtate may goe,
In equall ranke with the beſt gouernd Nation,
That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which your father ſhall haue formoſt hand:
Our coronation done, we wil accite,
(As I before remembred) all our ſtate,
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince nor peere ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
God ſhorten Harries happy life one day. *exit.*

Enter ſir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page.

Shal. Nay you ſhall ſee my orchard, where, in an arbour we will

will eate a laſt yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a diſh of carrawaies and ſo forth: come coſin Scilens, and then to bed.

Falſt. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all ſir Iohn, mary good ayre: ſpread Dauy, ſpread Dauy, well ſaide Dauy.

Fal. This Dauy ſerues you for good vſes, hee is your ſeruing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet ſir Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much ſacke at ſupper: a good varlet: now ſit downe, now ſit downe, come coſin.

Scilens A ſirra quoth a, we ſhall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praiſe God for the merry yeere, when fleſh is cheape and females deare, and luſty laddes roame here and there ſo merely, and euer among ſo merily.

ſir Iohn Theres a merry heart, good M. Silens, ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue maſter Bardolfe ſome wine, Dauy.

Dauy Sweet ſir ſit, ile be with you anon, moſt ſweet ſir ſit, maſter Page, good maſter Page ſit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you muſt beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery maſter Bardolfe, and my litle ſouldier there, be merry.

Scilens Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are ſhrowes both ſhort and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery ſhrouetide, be mery, be mery.

Falſt. I did not thinke maſter Scilens had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy Theres a diſh of Lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dauy?

Dauy Your worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight, a cup of wine ſir.

Scilens A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

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the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falst. Well said master Scilens.

Scilens And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a'th night.

Falst Health and long life to you master Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Davy I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might see you there Davy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea sir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile stick by him sir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falst. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, samingo: ist not so?

Falst. Tis so.

Silens Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

Davy And't please your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes. *enter Pistol.*

Falst. From the Court? let him come in, how now Pistol?

Pistol Sir Iohn, God saue you.

Falst. What wind blew you hither Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barson.

Pisto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, sir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

Iohn I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Pistol A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn O base Assirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pistol Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall good newes be baffled? then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon sir, if sir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am sir vnder the King in some authoritie.

Pistol Vnder which King, Besonian? speake, or die.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pistol Harry the fourth, or fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist A fowtre for thine office: sir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.

Falst What is the old King dead?

Pistol As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, saddle my horse, M. Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

Pistol What? I do bring good newes.

Falst. Carry master Scilens to bed: master Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô sweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master Shallow, I know the yong

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King is ſicke for me: let vs take any mans horſes, the lawes of England are at my commandement, bleſſed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo: where is the life that late I led, ſay they, why here it is, welcome theſe pleſant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Conſtables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and ſhee ſhal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe viſagde raſcall, and the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou wert better thou hadſt ſtrook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that ſir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to ſome body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miſcarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you ſhall haue a dozzen of cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Piſtoll beat amongſt you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenſor, I will haue you as ſoundly ſwingde for this, you blew bottle rogue, you filthy famiſht correctioner, if you be not ſwingde, Ile forſweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O God, that right ſhould thus ouercom might! wel, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iuſtice.

Hoſt. I come, you ſtarude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you raſcall.

Sincklo

Sinck. Very well.

Enter ſtrewers of ruſhes.

1 More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 The trumpets haue ſounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, diſpatch, diſpatch.

Trumpets ſound, and the King, and his traine paſſe ouer the ſtage: after them enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.

Falſt. Stand heere by me maiſter Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Piſt. God bleſſe thy lungs good Knight.

Falſt. Come heere Piſtoll, ſtand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore ſhew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to ſhift me.

Shal It is beſt certain: but to ſtand ſtained with trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires elſe in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. Tis *ſemper idem*, for, *obſque hoc nihil eſt*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis ſo indeede.

Piſt. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon, halde thither by moſt mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with

fell

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fell Alectoes snake, for Doll is in : Pistoll speakes nought but truth.

Falst. I will deliuer her.

Pist. There roared the sea, and trumpet Clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his traine.

Falst. God saue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.

Pist. The heauens thee gard and keep, most royal impe of fame.

Falst. God saue thee, my sweet boy.

King My Lord chiefe iustice, speake to that vaine man.

Iust. Haue you your wits? know you what tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue, I speake to thee, my heart.

King I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,
How ill white heires becomes a foole and iester,
I haue long dreampt of such a kind of man,
So surfet-swell, so old, and so prophane:
But being awakt, I do despise my dreame,
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,
Reply not to me with a foole-borne iest,
Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, so shall the world perceiue,
That I haue turnd away my former selfe,
So will I those that kept me company:
When thou dost heare I am as I haue bin,
Approch me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come neare our person by ten mile:
For competence of life, I wil allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strengths and qualities,
Giue you aduauncement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see performd the tenure of my word: set on.

Iohn Master Shallow I ow you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea mary sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Iohn That can hardly be, master Shalow: do not you grieue at this, I shall be sent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduauncements, I will be the man yet that shal make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceiue how, vnlesse you giue me your dublet, and stuffe me out with straw : I beseech you good sir Iohn let me haue fiue hundred of my thousand.

Iohn Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

Shall. A collor that I feare you will die in sir Iohn.

Iohn Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come lieftenant Pistol, come Bardolfe, *Enter Iustice and prince Iohn*
I shall be sent for soone at night.

Iustice Go cary sir Iohn Falstalfe to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone, take them away. *exeunt.*

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta.

Iohn I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well prouided for,
But all are banisht till their conuersations
Appeare more wise and modest to the worlde.

Iust. And so they are.

Iohn The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

Iust. He hath.

Iohn I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuil swords and natiue fier,
As farre as France, I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musique, to my thinking, pleasde the King:
Come, will you hence?

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Firſt my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine own marring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors looſe, here I promiſde you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you commaund me to vſe my legges? And yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo woulde I: all the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an aſſemblie.

One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Katharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe ſhall die of a ſweat, vnleſſe already a be killd with your harde opinions; for Olde-caſtle died Martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid you, good night.

FINIS.

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12.02.2003	Front endleaves and initial section reinforced. Kozo, tengujo and w.s.p.	RJ.

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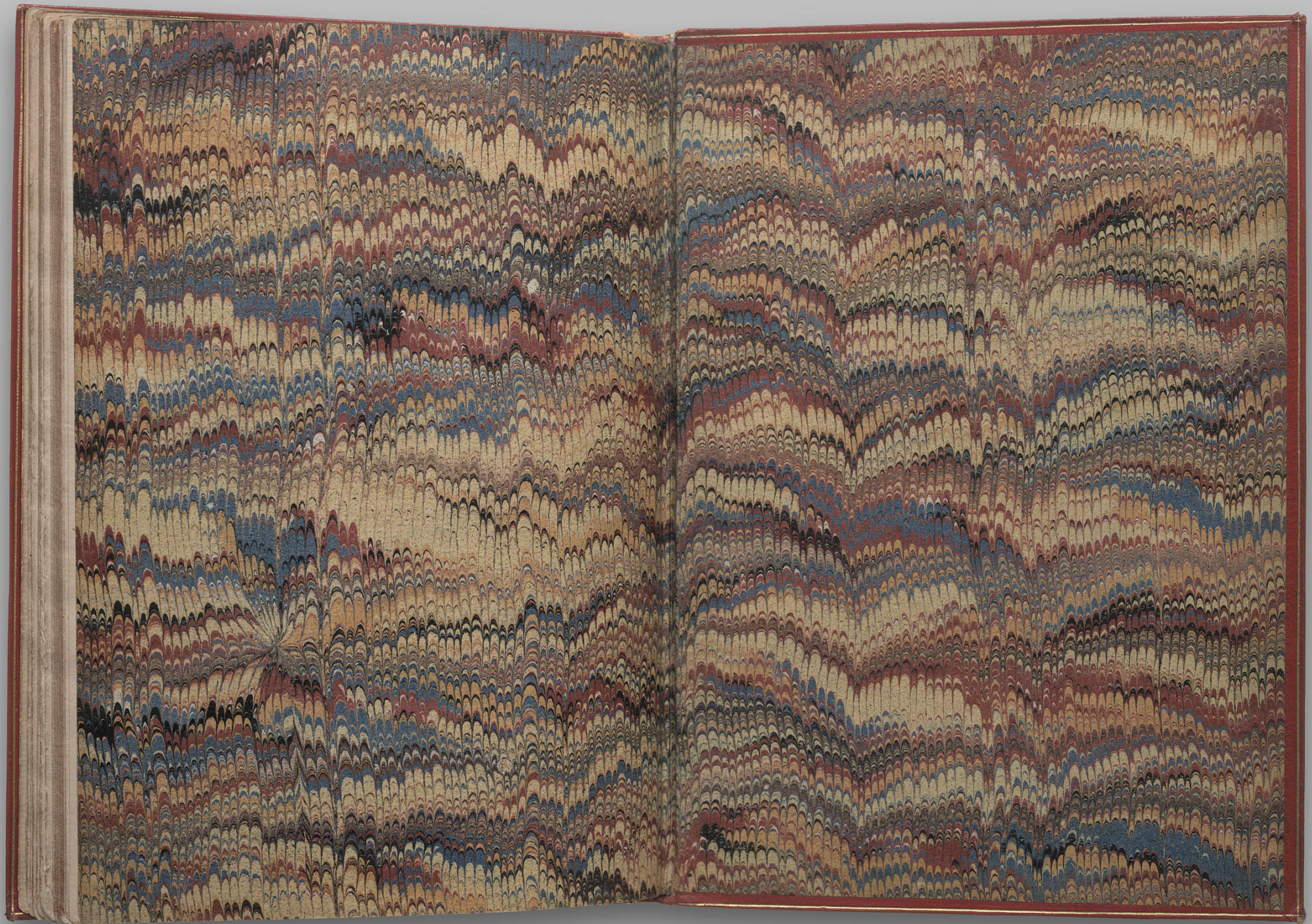

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